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There's a Reason!

There's a reason why more than four hundred ladies visited our store on opening day and there's a reason why every one of them went away delighted with the showing of

FINE MILLINERY

Our Mrs. Belle is a Milliner who well knows the Art of creating beautiful hats and she possesses the rarer Art of fitting a hat to the face. Having these two distinctive points in her favor, they were readily discovered by the Ardmore ladies, hence the success of our opening. This is our first season in Ardmore and our trade has gone beyond what might be expected of any house in its first season's work.

Our Dress Making Department

is also under the direct supervision of Mrs. Belle, who is an adept in displaying beautiful costumes for all occasions. This department is able to turn out work, equal to that of the large cities. All Work Guaranteed.

At the Easter Tide it is only fitting that we should express our gratitude to the people of Ardmore for their generous patronage. Yours for the best Millinery at reasonable rates

Parisian Millinery Parlors

Easter Sunday In the Catholic Capital

THE great feature of the Roman Easter is the pontifical high mass in St. Peter's, attended by thousands of persons of every nationality and every walk in life. The great temple on this occasion, decorated with a wealth of flowers and greens and filled with brilliant robes and uniforms, is a triumph of beauty and splendor.

In a draped tribune at one side of the main altar are the ambassadors, ministers and other members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the holy see, adorned with decorations and colored ribbons, while throughout the church and on the square Swiss guards and other papal soldiers are stationed. At 10 o'clock the order to present arms is given. The Swiss guards raise their halberds high in front of them as the head of the procession moves into the church. Marching in front is a platoon of soldiers. Then follow the various officials of the pope's household in clerical attire—priests of different ecclesiastical grades, heads of monastic orders, mitred abbots and monks.

Now the sovereign pontiff appears, seated on a throne which is carried high above the heads of every one by servants of the Vatican clad in scarlet silk and bearing the platform on which the pope's chair rests upon their shoulders. Beside the throne walk high dignitaries of the papal court, holding in their raised hands huge white bunches of ostrich plumes, which they wave gently to and fro. The pontiff is attired in white, his toga being of a soft material that clings to the body. Upon his head he wears the emblem of his power, the glittering tiara. As he passes through the throng of people he bestows the benediction upon all present, his uplifted right arm making the sign of the cross continuously, while his lips pronounce the grand words of peace. The pious people receive this benediction kneeling.



THE POPE BLESSING THE WORLD.

but when the pope has passed they rise and cheer him, waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

The high mass following upon the grand entry is conducted with all the pomp and circumstance the church of Rome has at command for festive occasions. After church is over the pope is carried back to his residence with the same ceremonies that marked his entry.

The paschal celebrations in the Eternal City in the times when the pope reigned supreme over the seven hills and "blessed the world from the loggia of St. Peter's on Easter morn" were more impressive than those of today.

"I witnessed this spectacle in 1880, when I was a boy," says a widely traveled American, "but its grandeur is still fresh in my mind. I remember that our party repaired to St. Peter's place at daybreak. The immense square was thronged with a dense mass of natives, exchanging valiant greetings, and strangers who, like ourselves, watched the incidents of the day with the impatience born of expectancy. The greater part of the papal army was drawn up in the center. The regiments had donned their most showy uniforms, and the standards struggled bravely with the morning breeze. Presently deep silence settled over the immense assemblage. Pio Nono, followed by a retinue of magnificently attired prelates, had appeared in the loggia. The sunbeams played caressingly about the glittering tiara on his brow, and the kindly face of the pontiff expressed love and compassion. Now he stretched forth both hands as if to place them on the 10,000 heads below and in a loud voice pronounced the world's blessing, 'Benedictus vobis.'"

"A moment later the cannons of the 'Mole of Hadrian' in the castle of St. Angelo carried the glad tidings abroad, the various bands in the square struck up the 'Te Deum,' and the crowds broke forth in jubilant 'vivas.'—London Courier-Journal.

The Agriculturalist.

"What you buryin' your Easter eggs for?"
"To grow some more. Didn't you never hear of a egg plant, gee?"

A KANSAS EASTER.

Handel's "Messiah" Sung Every Year by Four Hundred Swedes.

At Lindsborg, a quaint town, the center of a Swedish colony in Kansas, the annual Easter event which the sturdy farmers and their housewives look forward to is the singing of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," by a chorus of 400 trained voices, accompanied by an orchestra and a three manual pipe organ which cost \$5,000.

The oratorio brings to the little village of Lindsborg, with a population of 2,000, at least 10,000 people during the event. In this same little town Miss Lillian Nordica once gave a recital to an audience of 2,500 people. All this has been made possible and successful by the perseverance and toil of the colonists.

The Swedish colony was founded in 1897 by Dr. Olof Olson, who had been a minister in his native country and who, with his friends, purchased 20,000 acres in the Smoky Hill valley to found a Swedish colony—a colony that was to have no saloons and that should be without vices. Today the Lindsborg church has 3,000 communicants.

Dr. Olson heard "The Messiah" sung in England. His people were a singing race. He returned to the colony with the idea of making the singing of the oratorio an annual event at Easter time in honor and glory of the resurrection. It would be something to inspire his people. He talked with the settlers of the Smoky Hill valley. They gave from their meager savings to bear the expense. Mrs. Carl Swenson drilled the first chorus of forty voices. The soloists came from Rock Island. The first oratorio was a success. Seven years ago an auditorium was built with a seating capacity for 1,000. It was predicted that not enough people could be assembled to fill it, but it has been crowded every year since it was built.

The days that the oratorio is given the visitors travel to Lindsborg by train and by wagon. Farmers with their families drive twenty and thirty miles to hear the chorus.—Chicago Tribune.

EASTER IN GERMANY.

Quiet Customs Observed on the Great Festival.

In Germany some quiet Easter customs are observed by the peasantry. At sunrise on Easter morning one is awakened by the sermons on the great festival singing Easter anthems beneath the window in the accompaniment of a small but excellent orchestra maintained among them. Then the towns and all his guests assemble in the great hall of the castle while the entire establishment passes in review before them.

Each family carry—for they march two by two—something which indicates to what department they belong and is also emblematic of the life and death of the Saviour or of something connected therewith. The washerwoman carries a tub while as some families a large doll intended to represent the infant Jesus; the woodman has a shining hatchet, the teacher a book, the farmer a bundle of wheat, the gardener a flower basket, the housewife a large cake baked in the form of a cross.

As each pair pass the master of the house they make a profound obeisance and receive from him a gift of money. This quiet Easter custom has been observed for any generations and is universal. B. the great estates of Germany.—San Francisco Chronicle.

London at Easter Time.

All London seems to have turned out into the streets at Easter time. Of course Easter Sunday is somewhat quieter and sabbat, most of the people who make any pretensions to respectability going to church, but Easter Monday is a universal holiday, upon which the whole population gives itself up to sport and mirth. The theaters all have some special attraction for Easter Monday and are crowded to the doors, as they continue to be throughout the Easter holidays, which in England continue for two weeks. Fashionable society, which has so long been chafing under the austerities of Lent, now gives itself up to all manner of gayeties.

Easter in the Early Church.

The proper time for the celebration of Easter occasioned no little controversy in the early church, the great mass of the eastern Christians celebrating the feast upon the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, or moon, the date of the Passover. The western Christians celebrated it on the Sunday following the fourteenth day, claiming that this more nearly commemorated the resurrection of Christ. In 325 the council of Nice decided in favor of the western usage and branded the eastern custom as the "quarto-decimen heresy."

Where Eggs Are Worshipped.

All through northern Africa the worship of eggs is universal. No altar decoration is considered complete without its circle of pendant eggs and few private houses are without at least one sacred egg. Special designs, appropriate to the purpose for which the eggs are intended, are used. On all eggs devoted to sacred usage a verse from the Koran is inscribed at either end, while the sides are embellished by views of the sacred Nile, with glimpses of the sphinx and the pyramids in the distance.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

There Are Practically No Seasons in This Distant World.

Taking the earth's mean distance from the sun at 92,700,000 miles, the mean distance of Jupiter from the sun will be 482,983,970 miles. The eccentricity of its elliptical orbit being .04823, its distance from the sun at perihelion is 459,597,700 miles and at aphelion 506,160,180 miles. Between its greatest and least distances, therefore, there is a difference of 46,562,480 miles, or about one-half the earth's mean distance from the sun. The inclination of Jupiter's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic being only 1 degree 18 minutes 41 seconds, or less than that of any of the other large planets with the exception of Uranus, the planet never departs much from the ecliptic, and hence it was called by the ancients the "ecliptic planet." Its period of revolution round the sun is 11 years 314.5 days.

The inclination of its axis of rotation being nearly at right angles to the plane of its orbit, there are practically no seasons in this distant world, and the only variation in the heat and light at any point on its surface would be that due to the comparatively small variation in its distance from the sun referred to above. Its mean distance from the sun being 5.2028 times the earth's mean distance from the sun, it follows that the heat and light received by Jupiter are 27 times (5.2 squared) less than the earth receives. The amount of heat received from the sun by this planet is very small, and were it constituted like the earth its surface should be perpetually covered by frost and snow. Far from this being the case, the telescope shows its atmosphere to be in a state of constant and wonderful change.

These extraordinary changes cannot possibly be due to the solar heat, and they have suggested the idea that the planet may perhaps be in a red-hot state, a miniature sun-in fact, glowing with inherent heat. The great brilliancy of its surface, the "albedo," as it is called, and its small density—less than that of the sun—are facts in favor of this hypothesis. As the attraction of Jupiter's enormous mass would render the materials near its center of much greater density than those near its surface, the latter must be considerably lighter than water and may possibly be in the gaseous state.

TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Let the child choose his ideals from the many that are presented to him.

Boys and girls saturated with low literature form low ideas, which cling to them through life.

To teach concentration should be the end and aim of all school instruction.—New York World.

Study the child, find out what his capabilities are and show him that you take an interest in him.

Let the children see how noble their ideals are and then encourage them to study the lives of great men.

The whole life and future usefulness of a child depend largely on the way his mind is trained at school.

Many a child's life is ruined by having parents or teachers who do not take the trouble to understand his capability.

It is more important for the mother to superintend her son's reading than to see that he wears the latest thing in collars.

The character depends upon the ideals, and the ideals are the standard which the parent or teacher sets before the child.

The Miner's Inch.

In California the miner's inch is the flow of about 8,760 gallons of water per minute. Fifty miner's inches are equivalent to one cubic foot per second. The most common measurement is under a mean pressure of four inches, through an aperture two inches high and two inches above the bottom of the box, the plank being one and a quarter inches thick and the height of water above the aperture three inches, giving a mean pressure of four inches. Each square inch of the aperture represents one miner's inch, or about 1.2 cubic feet flow per minute.—Maxwell's Talmage.

Popes and Their Beards.

If we are to believe the old proverb, prophets have always had beards for the faithful to swear by. Not so with the popes. From the time of St. Peter down to the year 1153 the popes all wore full beards, but for the next four centuries they were cleanly shaven. Then came a period of two centuries in which they again wore the beard, but from the year 1790 until the present time the smooth face alone has been seen in the papal line.

Starving, but Not For Bread.

A beggar who informed a gentleman well known for his philanthropy that he was dying of starvation was presented by the worthy man with a loaf of bread. The would-be benefactor was considerably startled, however, at the indignant surprise of the emaciated one. "I'm not bread hungry," said that individual haughtily.—London Globe.

Had Not Observed It.

Mr. Upjohn (at the banquet)—The colonel is a good after dinner speaker, but did you notice how queerly he mixed his metaphors? Mr. Struckoyle—Why—er—no. He's been talking 'em straight, I think, so far.—Chicago Tribune.

Right in His Line.

"Could you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" asked the manager of the seedy actor. "Well, I should think I might. I have done a good many landlords."—Kansas City Independent.